

1753 THE 20 pamphlet

DUTY
OF
M A N
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Choice SENTENCES,

Fitted for the

Meanest Capacities ;

PROPER FOR

SCHOOLS

And very usefull for All



EDINBURGH,
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DUTY of M A N

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Choice Sentences, &c.

MAKE God the first and last of all thy Actions :
So begin as thou mayst have Him in the End,
otherwise 'tis better thou hadst made no Beginning.

That we brought nothing into this World, is no better known than it is of every one believ'd, but that we shall carry nothing out of this World, is a Sentence better known than trusted, otherwise I think Men would take more care to live well, than to dye Rich.

Wealth is not the way to Heaven, but the contrary : all my care shall be how to live well, and I am sure I shall never die Poor.

To do any thing to think to be talk'd of, is the vainest thing in the World ; to give Alms, and ask, who sees, loseth the Praise and the Reward : I may be seen to give, I will not give to be seen, that others are Witnesses to my Piety is not my Fault, nor my Praise. I will never be so ill a Friend to my self, as to sell Eternal, for Vain Glory.

The Obedience of good Children proceeds not from Fear, but Love : It is a very bad Nature will do nothing without Blows ; to turn to our Vomit as soon as God is turn'd from his Rod, and ask, who is the Lord, till a new Plague, is a State I know not whither to be

more feared or prized: If I cannot avoid Correction, I will mend with it; not be beaten twice for the same Fault.

I know not which is worst, the bearer of Tales, or the Receiver, for the one makes the other: I will no less hate to tell than to hear Slanders; If I cannot stop others Mouths, I will stop my own Ears. The Receiver is as bad as the Thief.

With God, a Publican goes beyond a Pharisee, a Sigh, or a Groan that cannot be uttered beyond a long Prayer with Ostentation; Care not how long, or loud thy Prayer be, but how hearty.

Woman was first given to Man for a Help, since for a Remedy. What shall we think of those that turn the Remedy into a Disease, and hold it in all Cases for some, and in some Cases for all, not only dangerous but dampable to Marry? What is this but to teach God what he hath to do; I have ever counted it safe and wise, to leave that indifferent which God hath left so.

God cannot endure a Pharisee that says and doth not, with his Disciples saying and doing, it must not be two Mens Offices; if thou canst do but little promise the less; so though thou mayst be thought niggardly, because thou performest so little, yet thou shalt be known just, because thou didst promise no more.

In Injuries it is better to take many than give one, in Benefits the contrary; I will require the same first with bearing them, the second with requiring them.

Evil Communication corrupts good Manners: *Peter* denied his Master among the Jews, whom he confessed among the Apostles; I may have sometimes bad Company; I will never have a bad Companion, or if at any time of my Court, never of my Counsel.

So live with Men as considering always that God sees thee; so pray to God as if every Man heard thee; do nothing which thou wouldst not have God see done; desire nothing which may either wrong thy Profession to Ask, or Gods Honour to Grant.

Every Night is an Emblem of Death, in this, that we rest from our Labours: I will labour to long for my Rest in Heaven; and I shall never be afraid to go to Bed to the Earth. Who would not desire to Die, that he might be with Christ?

It is good in Prosperity to make room for Adversity, that however it come untent for, it may not come unlook'd for; if it do not come, we are never the worse; if it do, we are the better provided; Expectation, if it doth not hinder Crosses, yet it lessens them.

Earthly things are like Dreams, awake to nothing; like shadows set with the Sun, Wealth and Honour will either leave us, or we them: I will labour only for those Pleasures which will never end, and be more delighted that I shall be happy, than that I am so.

'Tis a good sign when God chides us, that, he loves us: nothing more proves us his than Blows, nothing sooner makes us his: God can love his Children well, and not make Wantons of them: If I Suffer it's that I may Reign. How profitable is that Affliction that carries me to Heaven?

Suffering is the way to glory even in this World: Joseph had never been a Courier, if he had not first been a Prisoner.

God's Children are always the better for being miserable, and end in that it is good for me that I have been Afflicted; let God use me, how he will on Earth, so I may have what he hath promised to those that love him in Heaven; Who would not be a Lazarus for a day, that he might sit in Abraham's Bosom for ever?

Gods Church must be a Lily among Thorns, and while I am a Member of the Church, I must not look to fare better than the whole Body; If they called the Master of the House Beelzebub, well may it be endured by those of the Household: My comfort is, if I am reviled for his Sake, I shall be Blessed.

Prosperity is like *Vinum merum*, all Wine; it makes drunk the Soul, and therefore God mingles it, that he may

may keep us Sober : If Wee did always abound, Wee should grow Proud and forget our selves; And sometimes we should despair and forget our God: I will pray with *Solomon*, give me neither Wealth nor Poverty, but a Mean; Or if Wealth, Grace to Employ it; if Poverty, Patience to endure it.

Afflictions are the Medicines of the Mind, If they are not palatable, let it suffice, they are wholesome; 'tis not required in Physick, that it should please, but heal, unless we Esteem our Pleasure above our Health; Let me Suffer, so I may Reign; be Beaten, so I may be a Son. Nothing can be ever too much to endure for Pleasures, which endure for ever.

There was never Good but was hard to get : The Prison and the Hatchet, Sores, and Crumbs, lead to *Abraham's Bosom*, and the way thither is by Weeping-Cross: If many Tribulations will carry me to Heaven, in Gods Name let me have them; Welcome the Poverty, which makes me an Heir to those Riches that never shall have an end.

There are some in the World that think it a Presumption to be our own Spokesmen to God, and therefore go to Saints to prefer their Petitions for them. I shall ever hold it good Manners to go of my own Errands to God, he that Invites me will bid me Welcome; God hath said, *Come unto me*, &c. It is not unmannerly to come when I am called.

All Consciences, like all Stomachs, are not alike; How many do we see digest those sins with ease, which others cannot get down with struggling; One straits at a Gnat, when another swallows a Camel? He that will keep clear of great Sins, must make Conscience of all: I will think no Sin little, because the least endangers my Soul, and it is all one whether I sell my Saviour for Thirey Pence with *Judas*, or for half I am worth with *Ananias*, whether I go to Hell for one Sin or for many.

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This Life is but a Journey unto Death, and every day we are some Spans nearer the Grave : How is it that we who are so near our Death, should be so far from thinking of it? Security is a great Enemy to Prevention, and a Presumption that we shall not die yet, makes Men that they do not prepare to die at all; It is good taking time while time is; If it come suddenly, and find thee unprepared, miserable Man that thou Art, who shall deliver thee from the Body, *dye*.

It is for this Reason that Nature hath given us two Ears, and but one Mouth, that we should hear twice as much as we should speak: Trust neither thy Wife nor thy Friend with all Secrets; he that is sparing of his own Tongue shall less fear anothers.

There are some that affect not so much to have true Friends, as to have many: and whisper to that Friend what they may hear of this; and again, to this, what they hear from that; And glory to have it known how much they are trusted, whereas they were only trusted that it might not be known: I have ever thought it a Maxim in Friendship, that he that will be intimate with many is intirely no person's; Let me love, and be loved of all, I will be inward only with a Few: I had rather have one mean Friend that I may call my own, than the most Potent, where I must share with others.

He that provides not for his own, is worse than an Infidel; 'tis not the blame of Charity that it begins at home, it is that it ends not abroad: I am not born all to my self, somewhat to my Friend, to my Neighbour. I will so care for my own, as I may relieve others, and so do for others, as I wrong not my own.

Much Knowledge, not much Speech, denotes a wise Man: I shall neither hold it safe, nor wise, always to speak what I know of my own Affairs, nor what I think of others; a Man may speak too much Truth.

Pleasures like the Rose are sweet, but prickly: the Honey doth not countervail the Sting; all this World's Delights

Delights are Vanity, and end in Vexation, like *Judas*, while they kiss they betray; I would nei her be a *Scotch* nor an *Epicure*, allow of no pleasure, nor give way to all: They are good Sauce, but naught to make a Meal of, and were given, not to fill the Belly, but to relish the Meat; I may use them sometimes for Digestion, never for Food.

In Crosses these two things must be thought on; First, whence they come, from God. He strikes thee that made thee. Next, wherefore they come, for thy Good, either to try thee, or mend thee: I shall ever reckon it a good Exchange, to have the Fire of Persecution for the Fire of Hell; Who would not rather smart for a while, than for ever? Let me rather have the Fire which is rewarded with Heaven, than those Pleasures, which shall be Rewarded with Fire.

Solomon's Rejoyce, Oh! Young Man, in the days of thy youth: were the finest thing in the World, if it were not for that which follows, for all this thou shalt come to Judgment; To go well, ly soft, sleep hard; if there were no after Reckoning, who would not say out of Delight, what the Apostles did out of Amazement, *It is good for us to be here*; But when I have a Stewardship to account for, and God knows how soon, my Master returning, and my Talent to seek, the Bridegroom entring, and my Oyl to buy; I have more care to redeem my time past, than to spend the present.

To grow heavy and lumpish with Crosses, argues not so much want of Courage, as Grace: Nothing soils the Reputation of a Christian more, than to have his Mind droop with his Mammon: What if Health, Friends Means, have all forsook thee, wilt thou lose thy Wits together with thy Goods? All the Afflictions of this World cannot answer the Joys of the other: I will never care whose these Pleasures I see be, while those I do not see are mine, and the Fountain of Pleasure whom I shall one day see, as I am seen, shall be mine.

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Let another praise thee, and not thy self, either we be far from Neighbours or ill belov'd by them, when we are feign to be our own Trumpet, and blaze our selves: It is both Honourable and Humble, to hear of our Praises, and tell of our Unworthiness.

God is tharto the Soul, which the Sun is to the World, *Light & heat*, with them Comforts and Stores it; he that hath God hath every thing; God alone is a World of Friends against Millions of Enemies; then will I think myself Poor, miserable, and distressed, when he leaves me.

Every thing almost one sees, borrows it's Nature from it's Soil; thus the Body commonly favours something of the Company it keeps, and we grow familiar together with their sins, and with their Persons; at first wink at, then imitate, & then defend them: I will not be more scrupulous in the choice of any thing than this: He can hardly have a good Soul, that hath a bad Companion.

Sin at first is modest, and goes disguised with *Saul's* Endor, that after a while grows Impudent, and dares look barefaced on the World, first perswades to civil recreations, thence bids to unlawfull Delights: He that will prevent the growth of Sin, must resist the beginning, the Remedy is thought of too late, where the disease is past cure; 'tis easier preventing a Sicknes than recovering it.

Custom, as it lessens Favours, so it lessens Sins, else the same sin would still be Monstrous, which in time is not taken notice of.

Goodness is not the Gift of all but some, but Perseverance only of a few; How many like *Ezekiel's* Sun have gone backward, and forsaken their first Love: How many have wee seen, that with *Caiaphas* would have rent their Cloaths at the Name of Blasphemy, we afterwards sworn by the Life of *Pharaoh*: What there is no Argument for what we will be; every man knows his Beginning, but not his End, what he

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is, not what shall be; let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall

When I take a serious View of my self, and see (besides inward Discontents) so many outward Enemies of Quietness every where, every minute Want, Sicknes, Dangers, loss of Friends, of Health, of Life, Threatning, if not pursuing me: And to these my Spiritual Enemies so strong, my Corruptions so many, my Infirmities so continual, and my self so overmatch'd with all these: With *Peter* I begin to Sink, and I could wish I had not been, since I must be Miserable; But when I look up to Heaven, and those Joys I am going to, I would not be less Miserable to be so Happy: God is my Father, the Angels are my Fellows, Heaven is my Inheritance, now if my Inheritance be in Heaven, Why is not my desire there? Where our Treasure is, there will our Heart be also; where our Treasure and our Heart is, there shall we be one day: Who would Exchange his Future Happiness for a present?

Contentment is a Blessing, not Wealth; true Riches consist not in having much, but in not desiring more: Why then do we so labour to abound, and not rather to be content? If I have but little, my Account is the less, If I have much, and do not more good, I shall add to my Condemnation, together with my Store: I will ever study rather to use my little well, than to encrease it.

I will not care to be Rich, but to be Good; This only is that Treasure, that never shall have an end: Let me be rich in Goodness, and I cannot complain of Poverty: He only is poor, whom God hates.

To speak little, is the token of a Wise man; To speak well, of a good man: Goodness is not seen in the length, or brevity of our speech, but in the matter, the Streams of the Tongue runn from the Current of the Heart, and are like the Fountain: It is a sign we have little Goodness in us, when there comes

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hete out of us : If God were more in our Hearts, he would be often in our Mouths, and with more Reverence : Though I will never affect to speak of my goodness, ye I will shew it in my speech.

He that will be a Critick of others Actions, had need look well to his own : 'Tis a foul shame to have that found in our selves, which we would take upon us to mend in others : In this I will ever follow my Saviour's Rule, first get out my own Beam, and I shall see better to help my Brother out with his Mote.

Injuries, if they die not, they kill : Here only a Christian must learn to forget : For, if we forgive not Men their Trespases, neither will our Father in this case ; My care shall be only how to put them up, and leave Vengeance on whom it belongs. God is ever his Judge that is not his own.

The malicious Man is no bodys Foe so much as his own : For, while he is out of Charity with others, God is so with him ; If he loved himself, he would not hate his Brother : I will love all Men for his sake that made them : But the Christian, because he is Gods Son, I will love doubly, for his own sake, for his Fathers sake.

God looks not at what we have been, but what we are : It is no Commendation to have been an Israelite : That we once did well, adds to our Condemnation, together with our sin, and if the Righteous Man forsakes his Righteousness, his Reward is lost : Our former Goodness will not excuse our present Evil, the End Crowns us : Whatever my Beginning have been, I shall ever pray and endeavour that I may die the Death of the Righteous, and my latter End may be like unto his : For, as the Tree falls so it lies.

Man, till he sinned, was naked, and was not ashamed, Clothes are not more our Covering than our Shame, and we may justly blush every time we look on them, not brag ; The best Ornament of the Body

in the Mind; and the best Ornament of the Mind is Honesty: That becomes best which seems best, not that which is most used, but most decent. I will neither look what others do, nor what I may do, but what I ought to do; Many things are lawfull which are not expedient.

To do well, and say nothing, is like a Christian; to say well, and do nothing, is Pharisaical: If we are good Trees, by our Fruit they shall know us: I will not less hate, nor to do good, than to tell of it: My Faith is dead if it bear not.

Eating was the first Sin in the World, and it is now the Sin almost of all the World, and as before the building of Babel, so still in this, all the Earth is of one Language: What shall we eat, or what shall we drink? Eating and Drinking have taken away our Stomachs from spiritual things: I will never be so greedy as to eat my self out of Heaven: He loves his Belly well, that with *Esaú*, will sell his Birth-right for Potage: Of the two, I had rather beg my Bread with *Lazarus*, than my Water with *Dives*.

Great Mens words are like Dead mens Shooes, he may go barefoot that waits for them: I will ever be a *Didymus* in these, believe only what I see, so I shall neither be deceived with others promises my Self, nor deceive others with them.

The good Mans word is his Oath, his Actions serve only to make good his words; He that promises either what he cannot, or what he means not, is for the first a Boaster, and for the last an Hypocrite; by such a one I will be deceived but once.

Disimulation is state Policy, and wise Men see out themselves, as *Aristotle* did his Books, not to be understood at first sight: He that always speaks what he knows, is not wise, but he that doth not always speak what he means, is not Honest; As I will not have my Heart at my Tongues end, yet I will have my Tongue speak from my Heart; it is not necessary I must be dishonest or a Fool. Commonly

Commonly your open Ears, are open Mouth'd, and they that are craving to hear are apt to tell: I will neither desire to know much of another Man's Estate, nor impart much of my own; seldom any Man repented him of saying nothing.

A Parasite of all Trades is the basest, and in two things like an Echo; First, he speaks only what he hears others; And that he is nothing but Voice and Words: Next, to an ungrateful Man I would not be a Flatterer.

Sin grows like Grapes, close but in Clusters: We usually say, he that will swear wil lye; and he that will lye will steal; and he that will do all these, will do any thing. Satan is a Serpent, if the Head be but once in, his whole Body will not be long behind.

It is better to go into the House of Mourning, than into the House of Laughter, &c. He is worse than Mad, that with Herod will part with a Kingdom for a Dance. He takes little thought for his Sins, that thinks to put them out of his Head, as Cain and Saul did with Musick: He that truly considers those Joys which never shall have an end, cannot but desire to have an end of these.

We have too many that have a double Heart in one Body, but very few that have but one Heart to two Bodies; yet so it is with Friends, the one cannot laugh when the other weeps; One Friend is the Looking-glass of the other, where Face answers Face, when one Smiles the other Smiles, when one is sad the other is Troubled; there is no Amity where there is no Sympathy: If I do not suffer in my Saviour, I do not love him. Can the Head be Sick, and the Body not feel it?

There's a time to Laugh, as well as a time to Mourn; we are not deny'd the use of Mirth, but the Excess, it is not forbidden Fruit. He who gave Oyl to cheer the Countenance, gave Wine also to glad the Heart: and I will not say whether Solomon's Draught be not sometimes

times in Season: Drink, that thou mayest forget the Poverty, yet so as thou Remember thy God. God never intended Religion should make men Stoicks, as if to mew up our selves from the World, were to singe our selves unto God; and because he hath forbid the Abuse of things, not to use them; thus we should abstain from Drink, because some Men have been Drunk. If that which is one Man's meat prove another Man's Poyson; the fault is not in the Meat, but in the Stomach. If they be so easily abused: the more our Thanks, our Praises, If we do not abuse them, we shall be commended for our Temperance, we cannot for our want of them; God makes us but to use them as we should, and we cannot have too much of them.

Where should Joy be but in the Fountain of Joy, or how do we partake of that Fountain and rejoyce not? That Joy must begin to fill here, that will be full hereafter. He shall never sing *Allelujabs* that doth not first sing *Hosannas*: He is no sound Christian that is not taken with the Glory he shall have, and rejoyce in this, that his Name is written in the Book of Life.

God ever helps at a pinch, when all helps fail: that is he seen; when *Jacob* wants at home, then *Joseph* is heard of abroad; and when the Prodigal wants abroad, then God makes him think of home: What if he will not deliver *Jonah* from the Tempest, yet he will from the Whale; If his Danger be great, his Glory shall be more; never despair then, thou drooping Soul; Why art thou cast down? Why art thou so disquieted, &c. The Goodness of God endureth daily.

It is a hard matter for a Man to know much, or have much, and know himself, and whence he hath it: If we would think worse of our selves, we should be better thought of; but now our Self-conceitedness breaks our Neck.

My Friends Faults as my own, where I see I will Remedy: I may (happily) hide or excuse them to others,

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others, never to himself, this were to kill him with Kindness, and lest I should lose a Friend, lose a Soul: I am guilty of the loss of that Soul I might Save, and do not.

Some Friends there are, as *Jonadab* to *Amnon*, Panders to their Wickedness: Bretheren they are but in Iniquity; He shall be no Friend to me that is a friend to my Faults, and I am no Friend to my Self, if I think him my Enemy, that tells me of them; One day if not now, I shall hear of them to my Cost. Men may, God will not, wink at small Faults.

There is a Friend to himself, as *Nabal*, and his Charity begins at home, and there it ends; Near is his Coat, but nearer is his Skin: Again, there is a Friend for *Lucre*, by *Diana* we live, he shall be their Friend that they can live by: So some Love Christ because they fear him, he can destroy both Soul and Body in Hell. Others because they need him; But if we were true Friends though there were none of these we would love him.

A Friend of all Compellations is the dearest, the sweetest, and as one of Indragitude, *Si ingratum diximus omnia diximus*. So may I of Friendship, call him friend, and you have said *all*, another self, or rather the same multiplied; Skin for skin, and *all* that a Man hath will he give for his Life; And yet a Man's Life will he give for his Friend; If our Love will not follow Christ through Fire and Water, we are but Counterfeits.

God did not at first make many Women and but one Man, or many Men and but one Woman, because every Man should not know there were more Woman in the World than one; nor any Woman more than one Man, they that know more, shall not be known; Christ shall say, Depart from me, &c. I know you

I see many Marriages in the World, and never a good one; One to his Barns with the Fool, another to his

his *Board* with the *Glutton*, one to his *Cups*, another to his *Coffers*. Only those Marriages are blessed from Heaven that are made in Heaven, they are ill help'd up that are Married to one another, and not Married to *Christ*.

Beauty is as it hits, if the *Heart* do not answer the *Face*, it were missed; it will prove a *Snare* which was an *Ornament*: The more any have of this, the more cause they have to pray, *Lead us not into Temptation*.

Earth is a place of *Pennance*; and small Drink and *Camel's Hair* doth well: 'tis a place of *Toyl* and *Labour*; and Men go not to work in their best Clothes: Men should do well to prank up their insides a little better, and let the Body shift: I never heard any Man found fault with for his Raggs: I hear it upbraided to one, that he went in *Purple*.

It is not our Means, but our Sins, that shuts us out from God: I will be ashamed of nothing but my Sins, and proud of nothing but that I am a Christian.

I will never care what I am in Men's Eyes: but in God's: Beauty, Wealth, Honour, may make us accepted of Men, but 'tis only a broken Heart can do the Work with God; never any Man came to Heaven for his good Looks.

The good Man ever sets God between him and Harms, and says, *The Lord is on my side*, &c. He is no good Christian that thinks he can be safe without him, or not safe with him.

Never any Man was loser by his God, or left in a Danger, that stood to him: *Lazarus* may sink in his Grave, but shall not be seen Rot there; neither the Den, nor the Dungeon can shut us from his Providence and Care: *Elias's* Ravens shall serve him in his Meat; and *Daniel's* Lyons since they cannot feed him, shall fast with him, and rather starve than eat a Saint: What cannot God do where he will? What will he not do where he Loves? Oh God! they do not know thee that distrust thee.

To give with hope to Receive, is to lend, and not to give; or rather to put to use, and not to lend. I will give where I cannot be requited, so shall my Reward be in Heaven.

Charity is that which a Man hath, and not of that a Man hath not: If Silver and Gold thou hast none, yet such as thou hast a Mite would be spared: Something hath some favour: Obedience is as well seen in a little as much; and if he which gives a Cup of cold Water shall not lose

his *Reward*, I will never be so poor to want this. Where the *Cruze* and *Meal* is low, 'tis not look'd that the *Cake* should be big.

As we must use this World, so we must love it, as if we lov'd it not: God would have Earthly things look'd at, and affected with Temperance: We may not be peremptory in our desire of them, but as our Saviour of his Cup: *Father, if it be thy will, and yet not my will, but thy Will.* Beggars must not be Choosers: Religion will teach us in Modesty to submit to him, and think that our best, which God thinks so.

Seneca a *Heathen*, could say, he was better born than to be a Slave to his Body, and they are no better that are continual Factors for it: Every Man lays up for a *hard Winter*, and a *Rainy-day*: I will lay up for that day which I am sure will come, and not sure how soon it will come.

The bare desire of Earthly things, is not unlawful: He who first taught us to pray, allow'd us this in *Give us this day our daily Bread*; 'tis the Excess, either in Using, or Caring for them, makes them ill to us that are not so in themselves; I will so desire these, as I may be the better for enjoying them, and so employ them, as I may have little to account for them; Why should I abound to my *Coff*?

Tears are a second *Baptism* of the Soul; where is drenched anew, as the Sins of the old World, so of this little World, need a *deluge*. There is but one Sorrow never to be repented of, the Sorrow of Repentance: only these Tears go into God's Bottle, and thus blessed are they that Mourn.

Others Eyes are *Sermons* unto mine, when I see *Peter* weeping for his Denial, it puts me in mind of mine: Why should I weep for the loss of my Friends, or of my Health, or of my Estate, and not of my Soul?

There are two kinds of Tears, of Joy and of Grief, and two causes of these Kinds, *Heaven* and our *Sins*.

the one of *Affection*, the other of *Remorse*; the one for what we *have done*, the other for what we would have, these two shall vie Tears in mine Eyes, to be forgiven, and so be dissolv'd:

This World is a Stage, the Play is a Tragi-Comedy of the Life and Death of Man; every Man plays his part and Exit: And it may be, he that hath lived a Beggar, would not exchange with the King, when he comes to Dye; for then he is Rewarded, not according to what he hath *been*, but what he hath *done*; I will not greatly care what part I play, but to do it well.

Home is Home, be it never so homely, says the Proverb: Men go forth to Labour, and come home to take their Ease, this World is our Work-House, and Heaven is our Home, why am I loth to go to rest?

This World is the Valley of Tears: and we may sooner want them, than cause to shed them: I will be content to sow in Tears, that I may Reap in Joy.

I read of *Augustus*, when ever he heard of any that died suddenly, he wish'd him and his Friends the like Happiness: He shall not chuse for me: Our Church hath learned us a better Language; *From sudden Death and Lord deliver us*. I ever thought it not a little blessing to die by degrees: In this case, the farthest way about is the nearest way home.

Methinks it is but the other day I came into the World, and anon I am leaving it; How time runs away! and we meet with Death always ere we have time to think our selves alive: One doth but break-fast here, another Dine; he that lives longest doth eat Sup. We must all go to Bed in the other World, will so live every day, as if I should live no more; is more than I know if I shall.

All go to the same Home, but all go not the same way, one falls by the Hand of a Brother, another by the fall of a House, &c. Again, all go to the same Home, but all go not the same Pace; One dies in his Bed, another on his Crutches; to some their Life

is

is a Prey, to others a Burthen: *Job* and *Jonah* are weary of Living, and *Lot* and *Hezekiah* would live longer; as for the way, I shall ever pray God, that I may take my last sleep in a whole Skin, but for the Pace, Come, Lord *Jesus*, come quickly.

Through how many Dyings do men come to death? And how many Deaths may we come to? Infinite are our ways out of this Life, that have but one Way into it. Our Life is composed of nothing but Dearthings: For that we may live, other Creatures die: Again, our Childhood dies and is forgotten when we are grown up: Our Youth dies when we are Men: Our Manhood dies when we are Aged; At last our Age dies, and all dies, and we die with it; every Day dies at Night; now, if my Life consists of Days, What do I else but die daily?

Favour is a thing to Esteem, but not to build upon; he that stands on others Legs, knows not how soon they may fail him: Greatness is not Eternal; I will never lean so hard upon any Man, that if he break, he shall give me a fall.

This World's a Region of Ghosts, or of dying Men, if not Dead; our Life is but one continued Sickness, and we are ever in a Consumption, wasting, we now accompany those to the Grave, whom shortly we must keep company in the Grave: Every Man must have his Turn, and God knows whose Turn is next, it may be Thine, it may be Mine: Every Ach, every Stitch Tolls the Bell in my Ears, (for some have died with these) but every strong Sickness digs the Grave, and says Service over me, and crys *Dead thou art*, &c. Since there is a Time to Die, and I know not the Time, I will provide for it at all Times. Blessed is that Servant whom, when the Master comes, he shall find Watching.

No Man thinks he shall live for Ever, yet most think they shall not die yet; Otherwise, they would do better, and care more for the Heaven they shall have

than the Earth they must part with; this World will not last always.

Our Life is but a Day; It is now Noon: Who knows how soon it shall be Night? I have a great way to go, and but a little to spend, (a little Time I mean) my care shall be to make it hold out.

As we do not gather, so we do not look for Grapes on Thorns, or Figs on Thistles; such as the Seed is, such will the Fruit be, and such as the Fruit is, so will the Harvest be, and one Day (if not now) God will reward every Man according to his Works, and Ill shall be ill requited.

Sin and Punishment are like the Shadow and the Body, never apart, like *Jacob* and *Esau*, they follow one at the Heels of another. Never Sin went unpunished; The end of all Sin, if it be not Repentance, is Hell; If I cannot have the first to be Innocent, I will labour for the second to Repent; Next to the not committing of a Fault, is the being sorry for it.

That which we usually say of Men, is sometimes true in Christians, foul in the Cradle, and fair in the Saddle; An unhappy Boy may make a Good Man; he that should have seen *Saul* killing, would little have thought to have heard him Preaching; we may not judge of the Future by the Present. He runs far that never turns. 'Tis not with God as with Men, to say, I will forgive it, but I will never forget it; with him Sins repented of are as not done, as a Bone well set is the faster ever after. God looks not at what we have been, but what we are. Repentance makes us Friends with God, reintails us in the Inheritance, and by I know not what strange Heavenly flight of Hand, doth what you would have it. If we would but down of our knees, and ask forgiveness, all should be forgotten.

Our Life is but a Walk, we come hither but to take a turn or two, and away, and all our Life we are going

going to our Home, and we do not Live but Travel. Some gallop it over, others go a Foot apace: The poor Man curseth the Hour he was Born while he lives, because he goes no faster; the rich Wordling curseth the Hour he was Born, when he comes to die, because he can live no longer: It is equally ungodly to be loth to die, because we are happy, and to desire to die, because we are Miserable; I have ill learned, if I have not learned to be content.

Humility is good to all, best to it self; I do not hear it said, he that boasterh of his good Works, but he that confesseth his Sins shall find Mercy; The *Publican*, not the *Pharisee*, goes away justify'd: God never thinks well of him that thinks so of himself, and what he doth: They that scorn to be Humble, cannot complain to be scorned.

All Men would come to Heaven, but they do not like the way; they like well of *Lazarus* in *Abraham's* Bosom, but not at *Dives* his door: they love Heaven well, but they would not pinch for it: Silly Wretch! all the Wealth in the World cannot buy thee into Heaven, or out of thy Punishment, and this thy Glory shall ad to thy Torment, that thou art now so well, shall one day be the worse for thee. I had rather wait for my Happiness than smart for it.

God preacheth unto us no less in his Judgements than his Word; when he strikes Offenders, he would warn the Standers by, and beats some upon others Backs; when I see another Ship wreck'd before mine Eyes, it bids me look well to my Helm. Every Man sees himself fall in his Neighbour: Others harms threaten me, and say with the Apostle, *What makes thee to differ from another?* Where the Sins are the same, *Oh God*, it is thy Mercy that thy Judgements are not.

Tis not an easie matter for Men to believe that which they know; whatever they do, where-ever they are, they are seen; but because God is invisible, they think they are so too, and he sees not, because

It is not seen : God is incusively in no place, and yet he is in every place, and hears and sees what is said and done : If we did but consider this, we would neither do, nor speak, what we would not have seen, and heard : Consideration would cye Men's Hands, and if they did but deliberate, they would not Sin.

To how many, under God, do we owe our Being; to the Sheep, the Silk-worm, for Food and Rayment; when we are at our Finest, we are but like *Æsop's Crow* in stolen Feathers, and if every Creature should claim his own, we must be glad of Fig-leaves again, or ashamed of our Nakedness : Why are we more proud of Embroyderies, than our first Parents of their Aprons? Since both are but borrowed; and what hast thou that thou hast not received? Now if thou hast received it, Why dost thou Glory as if thou hadst not received it.

God made all the World for Man, Man for himself, other Creatures to serve themselves and us; us to praise and give thanks to him, and he who prepared a Dwelling for us on Earth, is gone to prepare a place for us in Heaven; let us take heed, lest by our Disobedience we lose our second *Paradise*, as our Fathers did their first.

The coverous Man hath his Eyes in his Feet, ever poring on the Earth; all his care is, to lay up for many years : Like Spiders, Men spend their Bowels to catch Flies; they toyl and swear, and all that they may leave a little behind them when they die : If they have but somewhat to leave behind them, 'tis no matter whether they have any thing to carry with them. All are for the present ; Is it not good, if there be Peace in my Days? He that truly remembers what he hath lost, cannot be so delighted with what he hath : then only mayst thou say to thy Soul, Take thy rest, when thou hast laid up Wealth, not for many years, but for ever,

Two things our *Saviour* commends to us from other Creatures, Wisdom and Innocence from the Serpent and the Dove. The Wisdom of the one may stand with the Innocency of the other; nay it cannot stand well without it; Innocency without Discretion, will make us too forward with *Peter*, and wrong our selves: Again, Wisdom without Innocency, will make us unjust Stewards, and wrong our Masters: Both and only both do well together.

The poor Man is God's Lottery: Cast in Earth, and ye shall draw Heaven: cast in a Mite, and ye shall draw without measure; for God returns not Ten in the Hundred, but an Hundred for Ten; I will be an Usurer only to God.

Give, and it shall be given: He that commands the one, promises the other. Alms never made their owner a Bankrupt; Charity is not so ill a Servant, as to leave the Master a Beggar.

It is an easie matter not to desire that which we have; not to complain when we have no cause scarce speaks us Men, much less Christians, but when all fails, to stand our Ground, and look to Heaven for a handfull of Supply, speaks our Faith. At a Lyons Den, or a fiery Furnace, not to turn tail is a commendation worthy a

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Prophet. It is no Honour to overcome, when it is no Danger to Fight. Adversity best speaks a Christian; in Prosperity it is as easie a matter to find Friends, as not to need them; but when we have nothing left, not to leave God, nor so much as whimper, but to chide down our Distrust with a *Deus Providebit*, my Sovereign God will provide, tryes our Temper; then is our Valour Commendable, when we can endure to be *Jobs*.

Distrust is a Sin which Custom hath almost made Commendable. Every Man lays up Manna for to *Morrow*, forgetting, that if that be not Worms, they themselves may be so. As if there were no Heaven, but Pleasure and Abundance; no other Hell but Affliction and Want; if their Purse grow light, their Heart grows heavy, their Mirth ends with their Store, and they think no Man can say so his Soul, Take thy Ease, that hath not Wealth laid up for many Years, but we are not yet what we should be, if we cannot be content to be what we are, whatever it be. 'Tis not for us to teach God which way he shall bring us to Heaven; let us thank him that we may come thither any way; and if he will have us suffer before we shall Reign, down on our Knees, kiss the

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Rod, and not a Word, not a Sob.

In Apparel we are not to respect merely Necessity, but Decency. God never meant Religion should make Men Slovers, or Stoicks, as if a Man could not wear good Cloaths, and go to Heaven; or a Christian were ever bound in Conscience to be out of Fashion: We are not tyed to wander, or to wear Sheep and Goat-skins, because the Apostle tells us some did, *Some of whom the World was not worthy*; God meant, that those Holy Men, should be Patterns of Piety, not of Fashions. I will never be niggardly of another Man's purse, deny my self that which God hath not.

There may be Pride in the meanest things in the World, no less the *Cynick* of his Tub, than *Alexander* of all the World he sides; Sack-cloth and Ashes in the same Bill with Purple, and fine Linnen; both condemned of Pride; to fast and to fare deliciously is strange, but true; and so much worse is that Pride than this, by how much it hath a better Face. There is less hope of an Hypocrite than an Atheist.

God, though he be ever the same in himself, he is not always so in us, though he loves those whom he doth love to the end, yet not without Intermission. Men

commonly

commonly never know the Benefit of a thing, but by the absence of it. We could not so well esteem of Health, if it pleased not God we were sometime Sick; the long absence of a desired Friend makes him the more welcome at his return: Thus Christ is pleased sometimes to withdraw his Presence, that with more earnestness we might be drawn to seek him, *Tell me, Oh thou, whom my Soul loveth, where thou feedest, &c*

Our Saviour doth not say, do unto others, as others do unto you, but as you would have others do unto you. If thou wouldst have thy Neighbour do thee right, do so to him, though he have done thee Wrong. *If I forgive not, I shall not be forgiven.*

That two contraries cannot consist in the same Subject, is as good *Divinity*, as it is *Philosophy*: Good & Evil are like Fire and Water, ever contending till the one be Conquer'd; either my Sins and I must part, or God and I; I cannot be at once God's Church, and the Devil's Chapel.

It is the fault of a great many, if God bear with them in their Sins, they think he countenances them: If they be not presently stricken dead with *Uzzah*, they go on; when they smart not, they believe not,

not, and he is not feared 'till felt: Sickneſs is not thought of till Death, nor that 'till Hell: forgetting that the long Sufferance of God ſhould lead them to Repentance, he forbears us, that he might forgive us: Shall I Sin, becauſe Grace abounds? God *forbid*.

God, as he is Infinite in Mercy, ſo is he in Juſtice, and as his Mercy extends to thouſands in them that love him, ſo do his Judgements to many Generations of them that hate him. That he is long in coming, is no Argument that he will not come; Forbearance is no Acquittance; the longer our Time, the greater our Account: if we have lived long, and live not well, of young Saints we may prove old Devils: We had better have gone to Heaven young, than to have lived to theſe Years to go to Hell: Miſerable is that Man's Caſe, whoſe latter End is worſe than his Beginning.

Moſt Men fear to hear ill, that fear not to do ill; the arranteſt Hypocrite in the World would not be thought ſo: he would not be cenſured for Sin, that fears not to be damned for it, and is afraid of holding up his Hand to the Bar, that is not afraid of ſtanding at the *Tribunal Seat of God*. If this be not to fear Men more than God, I know not what is.

Charity

Charity so forgives Offences, that it is ready not only to pardon the Offender, but to do for him; and thinks its self not innocent, that sees his Enemy Starve. What little difference is there in Religion, between not Saving, and Killing? We are not commended, that we requite not Evil with the like. We have not forgiven Injuries, if we do only not revenge them; if Wrongs rye our Hands from doing good where we ought, and may, they prove Sins to us, that were but Crosses; and we wrong our selves more, by not doing than by Suffering: And God shall so forgive us our Trespases: For with what Measure I mete unto others, it shall be measured unto me again.

It cost God more to redeem the World, than to make it: He that made me with a Word speaking, when he Redeemed me spake, and wept, and bled, and died to do it: What can I think too much to endure for his Sake, that was made a curse for mine?

It is with us here, as with Gideon's Fleece; one while the Ground is wet, and the Fleece is dry, another while the Fleece is wet, and the Ground is dry. Sometimes we have Rain, and fair Weather would do better; anon it is fair, and Rain would

would be more welcome : And it fares with our Bodies as with our Estates, (now happily) we have Health, and want Means; then again, we have other things, and want Health ; all our delight here is like our selves, fading : And many times we are fetch'd off in the midst of our Jollity ; nothing here but Ebbing and Flowing, Tumult and Alteration ; in Heaven only shall we rest from our Labours ; Now if we love our Ease, why do we so love our Lives ?

The good Man takes his God, as he doth his Wife; for Richer, for Poorer, in Sickness, and in Health : We may not always judge of God's Favour by his Bounty : I am but a Novice in Religion, if I think I cannot be God's Son, and miserable.

Commonly those Men are hottest in the pursuit of Honour, that least deserve it ; while desert, sits still and waits his leisure, that gives and takes where he pleases, and when, and how, and to whom ; and at last is importuned to the place, not for the good he shall receive, but for that he may do ; he will not be great upon all Terms, but will rather endure his Poverty, than part with his Honesty, and not Sell his Soul to buy a Purchase, *For what will it profit a Man &c.*

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Malice never wants a Mark. He who hath nothing, hath something to be envied for, and if nothing else, he is envied for this, that he is content with his Nothing. It is hard to be prosperous, and beloved at once: Those that will be great, shall be envied; it is hard, but safe to be contented with a little: But if I cannot avoid ill Tongues, my care shall be not to deserve them; and then let *Shimei* Curse.

Their Sin is more unpardonable than Sin of Purpose: Malice leaves the Owner, as without excuse, so without Hope: Sins of Ignorance excuse a *little*, save some blows: I may and do Sin daily against my Will, I will not against my Knowledge.

There never was any that was not Ambitious, only some more Superlative than other. But of all men I most wonder at those that are Ambitious only to be talk'd of; and since they cannot be *Notable* they would be *Notorious*, and with *Cain* be marked, though for Murderers. Whether I know much, or am known of many, it matters not, only this I will care for, that God will say to me in the last day, I know thee not.

Pride is good to none, worst to its self: When *Adam* would better his Knowledge, he lost his Dwelling in Paradise; and when those Builders of *Babel* would mend their

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Dwelling, they lost their Knowledge the itch of being Great, Potent, or pointed at, how many hath it undone? I will never care to be, or to know, that which I know I shall repent me: What Commendation is it to have been some Body?

The Tongue is the only betrayer of the Mind; the Fool while he is silent, is not discovered. I will not be more frugal of any thing, than of my Speech; I had rather be thought to know little, than be known to know nothing.

It is a common Fault to forget what we have been, when we are changed for the better: How many have been resolved for Heaven in that Sickness, that in the whole Skin hath disclaim'd it, and required the recovery of the Body with a Relapse of the Soul? To receive Good from the Hands of the Lord, and not Evil, is unreasonable to expect; but to receive Good at the Hands of the Lord, and return Evil is Wicked, and not to be endured. I will never pray more heartily to God for a Blessing, than for Grace to manage it.

With God all things are not only alike possible, but easie, and he can as well of Stones make *Abraham Children as of Jewes*. I will never despair of him that can do all things: I cannot be so infinitely Sinful, as

God

God is Merciful: *Oh God, if thou wilt, when that wilt, thou canst make me whole!* Why should I give my self over, where my *Physician* doth not?

Works without Faith, are like a Suit of Cloaths without a Body, empty: Faith without Works, is like a Body without Cloaths, no warmth, want heat: Works without Faith are not good Works, and Faith without good Works, as good as no Faith, but as a dead Faith. Then only are they themselves, when they are together: What God hath joyned, let no one put asunder.

With Men, confess and suffer, is good Justice; but with God, the Contrary: to confess our Sins, is the next way to be forgiven them; that Soul is past Hope, that lies Speechless: I will ever Pray: *O Lord, open thou my Lips, and my mouth shall show forth thy Praise, and my own Sins.*

Pray for them that Curse you, do good to them, &c. is *Durus Sermo*, a hard saying, and against the Hair; 'tis not so easie a Matter to forget an ill turn, as to do one; yet this must be, if we will be *Christians*; he that will not be in Charity, shall never be in Heaven: Why should I do my self an Injury, because another wou'd?

It was the Devil that first made us Enemies to God, and it is still he that makes us Enemies to one another; and there is no greater Argument of a Devil Incarnate, than a malicious Heart: Say what thou wilt, but I will never believe thee against Scripture, that thou lovest God, whom thou hast not seen, that lovest not thy Brother, whom thou hast seen; if we love him, we will love one another.

If we will be Christ's Disciples, we must leave all; but it's not all, we must take up our Cross too; be ready to take it up, not of our selves, but if it be laid upon us, we must suffer willingly for Christ's sake, we must not suffer wilfully, or throw ourselves into the Fire; he that bids us suffer, bids us fly; if they persecute you in one City, fly, &c. It is our Commendation to endure the Stroke, or the Faggot, it is not to seek it; when Zeal runs without Discretion, or Warrant, it commonly makes more haste than good speed; we must neither go like Bears to the Stake, nor like mad Men; neither run to our Martyrdom, nor from it: Pray with our Saviour, if it be possible to miss the Cup, or but to kiss it, but still, *not my Will, but thy Will*: We must submit all to God, and think that fittest for us which he thinks so.

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That which I hear from *David*, I would hear from every good Man: Thy Word is a Lanthorn to my Feet, &c. to his Feet, not to his Eyes alone; if we use the Word of God only to gaze on, and see fine Stories, to discourse by, not live by, it wants its use, and we want our goodness, and shall want our Glory: Knowledge without Practice, adds to our Punishment with our Sin. How many Pharisees have sate in *Moses's* Chair, that shall never sit in *Abraham's* Bosom, only for this, because they knew and did not.

Works of Piety must never go without Works of Humility; he that Prays and is not humbled, like the *Pharisee* in the Parable, goes away worse than he came: When thou Prayest, thou askest Blessing, and do it on thy Knees; If to your Earthly Father, how much more to your Heavenly? Men have inverted the Course now, they drink their Healths on their Knees, and pray for Health upon their Tails: God shall answer such Men according to their Manners: Why should God stoop to their wants, that stoop not to their own? We cannot be too humble, when we are to speak to that Majesty whom we cannot see, and live, and whom one day we shall see and live to our Sorrow, if we be not humbled:

humbled : Thank God thou hast Knees to Bow, how many would that have not ? Why shouldst thou bend, and cringe and bow to thy Father or thy Friend, or thy Betters, and not to thy God ?

Prayer is the *Jacob's* Ladder of the Soul, whereon it goes up and down to God, and confers with him, in our Prayers we bless him, and by our Prayers we bless our selves ; there is no part of God's Worship more acceptable, or more profitable than this of Prayer, and none more slighted ; Men come to Prayer as to a thing indifferent, wilful Negligence in leaving it undone, and Coldness in doing of it is the Sin almost of all ; but *O Lord*, do thou be merciful to the Neglect of thy People

There are many Services, and many Masters, and yet no Man can serve two Masters, that is, two of a contrary disposition : For, there is the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, and ye may serve all these at once ; nay, ye cannot serve one of these, and not all : The Glutton he serves his Belly, and with *Esau* sells his Birthright, his Blessing for Pottage, The Drunkard he serves I know not well what, whether the Drink, the Company, or his Appetite, or all ; but in stead of quench-

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ing his Thirst, drowns his Soul: The en-
vious Man, and the furious Man are alike
in this, both serve the Passion, only here
they differ, the envious Man with *Samp-
son*, will brain himself, so he may brain
others: the furious Man brains others so
long, 'till at length he be brained himself:
The Usurer he serves his Gold: The A-
dulterer he serves his Lust; but all serve
one Lord, one Master, the *Devil*, and
shall all receive the Wages, which is the
Wages of all Sin, Death. Why should
God pay them for their Pains, that go not
of his Errands?

Whatsoever I act, I endeavour to do it,
as if it were my last: and therefore I do
it with Care and Integrity: I think on no
longer Life, than that which is now pre-
sent; I forget all that is past, and for the
future (with an humble Submission) I
refer my self to Providence; what others
shall say or think of me, or shall act a-
gainst me, I do not so much as trouble my
Thoughts with it. I fear nothing, I desire
nothing, I admire nothing; yet, I do even
reverence my self, when I have don a just
and Virtuous Action: But to enrich My
self by any sordid Means I dare not; for
in so doing, I distrust Providence, and be-
come an Atheist.

If 'Tis under the Protection of Heaven,
a poor Cottage for Retreat is more worth
than the most magnificent Palace: Here I
can enjoy the Riches of Content in the midst
of an honest Poverty; here undisturbed
Sleeps and undissembled Joys do dwell;
here I spend my Days without Cares, and
my Nights without Groans; my Innocen-
cy is my Security and Protection.

If the matter you undertake be doubtful,
when you have done your Best, you cannot
yet warrant the Success. Remember the
Italian makes it part of the Character of
an *English* Man, when he is to undertake
any thing, presently he saith, *I'll warrant*
you; but when he misseth of his Under-
taking, he saith, *Who would have thought*
it?

The Counsels of a Wise Man are the
Voice of an Oracle, which foresees things
to come, and guides the designs to Po-
sterity.

It's Wisdom for great Persons to advise
with others what they should do; but it's
not necessary to declare to them what they
will do; let them take the advise of a
Wise Man, but let the determination
come from themselves.

Those Persons are not fit to advise o-
thers, that have not first given good Coun-
sel to themselves.

In management of Affairs stand not upon Niceties and Punctilio's of Honour, but by fair Compliance gain your Ends: Heat and Precipitation are ever fatal to all Business; a sober Patience, and wise Condescension, do many times effect that which Rashness and Choler will undo.

Have I any Injuries done me? they are but so many Robes of Honour, which I can cheerfully wear; and out of the greatest Infelicities, I can raise Trophies, and a triumphal Arch: I have this comfort in my Misfortunes, that wheresoever I go, I have the same Nature, the same Providence, and I carry my Virtues along with me.

Whatsoever happens to me, I am never surprised at it, for I have ever in my Thoughts, that whatsoever may be, will be; and that which may fall out at any time, may fall out this very Day.

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